

13 Children of Nightmares

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Summary: 'Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I would like to choose one of you...someone who was gentleman enough...to settle down the bloodlust of thirteen devil children' bad childhood of Soul and several OC fanfic.

13 Children of Nightmares

Hello there, this is my first time write this fic in english! I really am positive there are many grammar and vocab mistakes in this fic, I'm very very sorry because english is not my native english! And yet, I really want to dedicate this fic for **NutCracker1911**! _Hey there, NutCracker!_ This is my payback fic for your **Sunlight Kiss** fic! And if anyone is good with KidxMaka, read it! It's a good fanfic, I promise. And if anyone of you is indonesian, you can read my **Soul of Love** indonesian fic!

Promotion aside, AT LAST! It's finished after several times confusion and doubt! I would be very happy if you want to fill a slight moment of your free time to give review to me! Hope you like it!

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><p>Warning : Typo(s), Grammar Mistake (I'm not a native english), misspelling, and any other mistake(s) you find!

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><p>13th Children of Nightmares

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><p>A pair of golden eyes glowed in the dark, as if challenged the grinning moon's shine. The winds coldly running in the air, strong enough to opened some windows silently. And there, one of many existed windows, it rested its wings there. Falling its black furry feather inside; a brightless bedroom with someone snoring peacefully inside. Those golden eyes narrowed. Opened its beak; trying to smile.</p>

Found you.

A strong wind appeared and blew away the red curtain. A shadow of an adolescence boy blurring through the dancing fabric. After a while of waves, it's calmed back to its origin state; stood tall in peace of being hanged. From that exactly same windows, a mischievous smile appeared in a face and human body that irradiated by the line of moonlight.

' _**Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I would like to choose one of you... '**_

He stepped inside without making a single sound left behind. Carefully yet very calm. Every step he took, made the darkness more eagerly wrapping around him.

' _**...someone who was gentleman enough... '**_

There, he stopped his step. In front of the bed. He was reaching out his hand in amusement.

' _**...to settle down the bloodlust of thirteen devil children**_

* * *

><p>First Night â€“ Part One: Unusual Early Wake

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><p>He woke up in a widening red eyes and all sweaty. His breath panting heavy as if he was running in a marathon when all he did just close his eyes in a deep sleep. What just happened? He tried adjusting his mess rythme of his breath. Shutting his eyes and composing his emotion in the right place.</p>

Soul sighed after already catched his calm back. Fell back his body to the comfortable bed. Good grief, there were no signs that he could drowning himself in a deep sleep again. He narrowed his eyes while staring at the ceiling of his dark room. He put himself in a deep thought instead struggling back to dreamland. Dream? Right, his reaction before usually was an effect a nightmare, isn't it? Right, a nightmare.

Huh? What was it again?

Wait, what? He tried to recall once more. Yet, again, his memories gave him a blank result. If he could remembered anything, it would be just a plain black. So how could he call it a nightmare? Part of him was sure enough that he just had a nightmare, and the other part felt it's just an uncool hallucinations. Maybe he hadn't fully awake? Okay, he was sleeping a while agoâ€“no, he sure it's not a while_.

He glanced over his "supposed to waking him up" alarm, it's still few hours before his usually wake up time. Guess he would not break his alarm again this day.

_Cool, when the time comes for me to wake up early, it's 5 in the morning. Even Maka still asleep now. _

Several minutes drowning in his own thought; trying to make himself busy, suddenly he felt shiver running through his body. He searched where did the wind came from and caught the window was open. No wonder he felt cold despite his sweat. Lazily he set down his foot to the floor and started to walking to the window. When he tried to close the window, a more cold breath air hit his skin.

"Right, winter " he mumbled while shivering, then closing the window completely.

Winter in Death City never became a snowy one, yet it still felt so cold each night. Soul once again sighed. He turned around and gave a glance to his bed. He couldn't think he could grasp any effort to sleep again. He walked away to his bedroom door. His hand held the knob but didn't make more movement after.

'_Maybe a warm shower can feel cool enough'_

And so, he left his room.

* * *

><p>When Soul opened the bathroom door, Maka was there.</p>

"Whoaâ€œ" he stepped back and gave his meister a bit of surprise too. He knew that Maka would wake anytime soon, but he never expected that she would stand right in front of the bathroom door "â€œYou surprised me".

He waited her to move aside, but Maka seemed didn't make any movement. Instead giving her partner a way, she stared him with furrowing brows. As if she was looking at ghost, she rubbed her eyes and blinked several times. Her expression told a good weight of doubt and disbelief. Looking at her, Soul became confused and annoyed at the same time.

"What?" his voice winning over the annoyance than confusion.

"Nothing. It just..." she started, still in the same expression "Please check the weather news, I'm sure today is rainy one"

Soul shouldn't have to ask her at the first place. Impatience, he pushed her aside with his right hand and making his own way out of the bathroom. He realized that her eyes still followed him and decided to ignore it. He walked to kitchen and opened the fridge. He took a carton of milk and turned back to his partner.

"What do you want for breakfast?" his question was out of nowhere.

"I ask you to check the weather news once again..." now her face more of horror than before "Because I'm sure there will be a storm

today!"

"For Shinigami's sake... Maka!"

"...Yes?"

"How damn unusual is it for me to wake up early and make a breakfast?!"

"As unusual as miracle!"

She smiled teasingly, leaving him growled in annoyance before he drank the milk from the carton. He slammed the fridge after put the milk back. He wiped the leftover milk in the corner of his mouth and walked deeper into the kitchen. He found the dishes still left unwashed after the dinner last night, so he decided to washed it before made a breakfast.

"You, couldn't be serious to make a breakfast, right?" she asked once again with a disbelief tone.

"So what if I'm serious about it?" he opened tap and started to do the dishes.

"Well, we did have a schedule for breakfast shift..." she walked closer and put her arm crossed on the top of kitchen table "But it ended up with me for always do it since it will take forever for you to wake up early"

There, Soul ignored her and focused to wash the dishes. It was true that it was almost never to him to make a breakfast. When he did wake up early before, he never once remember it because he already getting used by Maka cook for him in the morning. Because of that, she start to call him 'sleeping beauty' almost every morning.

"So what is it about?"

"...pardon?"

"Your dream" she sighed "You had a dream, right? That's why you wake up early"

Soul already finished with his dishes when he turned around to face her with a confused look.

"How could you know I had a dream?"

"Easy to tell. What other reasons make you wake up earlier than me?"

"Toilet, maybe?"

"Soul..." she glared at him. She never like that side of him; dodging whenever he doesn't like to answer. It's as if made her not trusted enough to make him answer directly. And yet she knew that's the way he joke around.

"Why don't you just take a shower and prepare yourself?" he shrugged "I mean... I'll come up with the answer while making the breakfast"

"I hope it's not a perverted one" and so, she left him. She didn't want to make any other arguing in the morning. But she couldn't help being curious with his dream. Seriosly, w_hat kind of dream that made him need a time to tell it?_

Soul sighed staring his meister already went through the bathroom. Once again he opened the fridge and started to looking for ingredient for breakfast. What should he say to her later? That he had a nightmare but couldn't even remember a single thing about it? It would became a really lame joke if she started this day with another maka chop. And without any further creep thought of her infamous chop, he began to cook.

* * *

><p>When Maka came out of the bathroom, the breakfast was neatly ready on the table. Was it she took too much time to take a shower or was it Soul too fast to finished his cook? Because, she never suspected him as a quick chef. Maybe she was right, there's something strange with him. He woke early, willingly to make a breakfast and also he made it unexpected fast. It's made her more curious with his dream. Because it's must this unspoken dream that became the reason of this super-lazy-white-hair-Soul-Eater metamorphosed into somewhat a diligent person.</p>

And, where did he go when she confusedly reacted to his odd behaviour? He wasn't at the kitchen or living room and the breakfast would be cold in no minutes. She tried to search in his room, and his door was wide open. He supposed to at least close the door if he going to change.

He walked carefully â€“"expected him changingâ€“"to enter his room and found he was in a daze. He was looking at the calendar that hanging in the wall. His red eyes narrowing and his brows furrowing, the same expression that she wore before when he came out the bathroom.

"...Soul?" She asked. But he didn't pay any attention back, still in the same daze.

"Soul... Soul!"

"..."

"Earth to Soul Eater!" She snapped and gain back his consciousness. He quickly shook his head to see her, receiving a serious stare back.

"What?"

"I should be the one who ask" she walked closer to him "Something is wrong with you, Soul"

"What are you talking about? Nothing is wrong with me" he quickly defended.

"You know what I'm talking about" she stopped in front of him and pointed her finger to him "It's weird enough for you to wake early and make a breakfast. And now... this"

She cupped his face. He was all sweaty, and his face was full of horror despite his confused expression. She could feel a slight shiver through her hand. And she didn't mind to ask, she already knew the answer.

"...Did you have a nightmare last night?"

He was silence for a second before answering "...sort of"

"What was it about?"

"...I don't know"

"You don't know?" she furrowed her brow.

"I'm serious" He said annoyingly "That's why I couldn't answer you just now. I mean... I can't even remember a single thing about it, and yet..."

"...and yet?"

"Every time I try to recall it, suddenly sweat and shiver run over my body"

No one tried to speak then. Silence filled Soul's bedroom. They didn't know what to speak or respond. Well, Maka didn't expect that kind of answer and she didn't know anything to decide that his dream was a bad trait or not. And Soul waited her to speak because she was the one who entered his room and wanted to know the answer. For a moment, she realized their awkward position with her hands cupped to his face, so she released her hand.

"Maybe I was tired" He said, breaking the silence first.

"And you woke early and made a breakfast because you're tired?"

"Oh, c'mon" She shrugged and walking passed her "It's just one hell of dream and cool guy don't give a damn ruckus 'bout it"

He walked out of his room while calling her to start their breakfast. She still in her place, couldn't believe what he said. But if he didn't know his dream himself, she didn't have a choice other than tag along with him to ignore it. She gave a glance to the calendar that he stared at, glare before. His face indeed tell her that he tried to remember something when he glared at that calendar. She touched it while trying to examine it and didn't find anything odd.

"Makaa!"

"...coming!"

Maka left his room and closed the door. Maka and Soul didn't even pay any attention to realize a feather on the floor. **A black big feather under the bed.**

End

file.